

# 21

ISSUE NUMBER FOUR 50¢

**CHASTITY  
BELTS**

**CARTOONS  
FOR  
ADULTS ONLY**

**FLAGELLATION  
ART**

**MISS FRICTION  
PROOF**

**BURLESQUE**







PICHARD.

— Combien de fois faudra-t-il vous dire d'attendre que j'ai fini pour faire le ménage !...  
How many times must I tell you to wait until I've finished to clean up the house!



Center spread by  
Tom Cooper Hollywood

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Published monthly by Monogram Publications, 4425 Whittier Boulevard, Los Angeles 22, Calif. Copyright 1956. Application made for second class entry at Los Angeles.

Postage must accompany all manuscripts and drawings and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited manuscripts and/or cartoons.

Retail distribution is by newsstand sale only. Copies offered for sale about the first of each month.

Comments will be welcomed from readers on any of the articles presented and what are considered the most interesting or worthwhile will be printed in "Letters to the Editor."



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ....

## COMMENTS ON EVELYN WEST

Answering the editors of 21 Magazine, just published, if your publication was entirely devoted to Evelyn West I would have bought it at even a higher price. She is beautiful and not afraid to give a friendly smile but she can hardly be considered a type of nude because she is in a class by herself.

John H. Fee, Jr.  
Fresno 25, Calif.

Thanks for the tip. We have raised the price of the magazine, starting with this issue.



## PICTURES WANTED

I would like to inquire as to how or if I may secure pictures of the girl you have on page 26 (issue number 2). The is suspect #2 under the section headed "Wanted by the F.I.B." Enjoyed my first copy of 21 with Evelyn West in the middle pages.

Joel Fisher  
Chicago, Ill.

We are sorry to say we cannot supply individual photos appearing in any of the issues. We purchase reproduction rights only.



## NO SUBSCRIPTIONS

I purchased "21" issue #3 the other day and find it most interesting—both reading and ogling. This is the first time I've seen it on the newsstands. Would you tell me where I can subscribe to this magazine, how often it is published and the yearly subscription rate?

Kenneth R. Othmer  
Elmhurst, L.I., N.Y.

Subscriptions are not being accepted at this time due to practical difficulties, mostly great difficulty in getting the bugs worked out of our monthly publication plans. We hope to be out monthly in the near future.

## FABULOUS UNTITLED MAGAZINE

Recently I came across a book, which I found most interesting. The only thing was, it had no cover and the only clue that I had was the name of the first article, which was "Keeping Abreast of the Times" or "BUST out laughing." I am still not sure but whatever it is I would like to know more about this fabulous magazine. I found your name in the magazine and so I decided to write to you and hope that you can help me out.

Rudolph M. Graziani  
Woonsocket, R.I.

The name of the magazine is 21.



## COMMENTS RE BUSTY BROWN

Enjoyed the magazine 21, especially the nude photos of Busty Brown. Hope to see more of Big Busted, close-ups of different ones. Would like to see Sequin of burlesque nude.

Martin Baubel  
Long Island City, N.Y.

Additional sets of Busty Brown will appear in the near future.



## EKBERG, MEYER, MYLES INTEREST

In regard to your question in the article "How to Buy Nude Photos," of who we (the consumer) would like to see, I most hopefully submit the following names . . .

- 1—Anita Ekberg
- 2—Eve Meyer
- 3—Meg Myles

Robert H. Smith  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

We are not familiar with any nude modeling done by these young ladies but certainly will inquire.

## INFO ON BACK ISSUES

Having seen a copy of the magazine "21", I am interested in finding out where to get future copies and if possible any back issues that you may have.

Edward S. Yark  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sorry, no back issues are available. As for future copies, 21 is being distributed in New York by Periodical Distributors of Greater N.Y., Long Island City who can provide you with the information you desire.



## BEATS PLAYBOY, ET AL

I have just finished the third issue of 21 magazine. As far as I'm concerned it beats Playboy (50c), Escapade (50c) and Playgirl (\$1.00). Keep it up.

G. Farley  
Hawthorne, Calif.

Another letter like that and we'll have to raise the price again.



## FETISHISTIC ART COMMENTS

I discovered your interesting magazine "21" on the New York newsstands only a few days ago with number three.

I particularly enjoyed your article "Fetishistic Art." It was fascinating so far as it went but definitely called for more extensive treatment. I hope that you will elaborate on this theme in future issues. It is distinctly novel in current publications and so readily lends itself to a seriously "expository" type of treatment, that no exception could well be taken to it.

Thomas H. Watson  
New York 23, N.Y.

Future articles on this subject and allied ones are being developed and will appear within a few months.



# Flagellation

## Art

Richard Jurgens

The drawings and quotations which form the basis of this article were drawn from a book entitled MADAME ADISTA. The foreword says in part "The reader is sure to enjoy . . . this bazarre tale, especially concocted to tickle the palate and whet the appetites of the most jaded of adult readers with a flair for the different."

The word flagellation is derived from the Latin *flagellum* meaning a lash. Flagellation has primarily been used as a means of punishment under the name of flogging but modern psychiatry has shown that such a practice has almost always had a sexual if secret basis; that is, those who insisted on meting out such punishment invariably derived erotic gratification from such activities.

Those who are delighted from such practices are called sadists. Those who delighted in receiving such punishment are known as masochists.

It may be difficult to believe that some people insist on being beaten and actually derive erotic gratification from such activities but psychiatrists' files are full of such instances, their reports indicating, in fact, that such a deviation is one of the commonest found.

The formation of such impulses can generally be traced back to experience in childhood or during the formative years. When combined with the awakening of the sexual impulse, such a condition can easily develop.







The story begins with Kareen in custody, having been arrested, charged with assault with a deadly weapon after the police had broken into Madam Adista's house and found Kareen having just completed tying up Madam Adista and several friends, then administering a sound thrashing to the lot.

The police inspector wants to know why Kareen shows no remorse for her actions. In the upper right hand drawing she shows him why — some welts criss-crossing her buttocks even visible under her panties which she has retained. This retention of panties is constant throughout the series and is probably more of a fetishistic element than a censorship element. This would especially appear to be the case here, for Kareen tends to cover up the welts she is concerned with revealing, meanwhile actually revealing other portions of her body unnecessarily (exhibitionism).

Note fetishistic element of high-heels in two of the drawings and especially emphasis on same in the lower left hand picture by the use of clever closeup of legs, viewing officer between them.

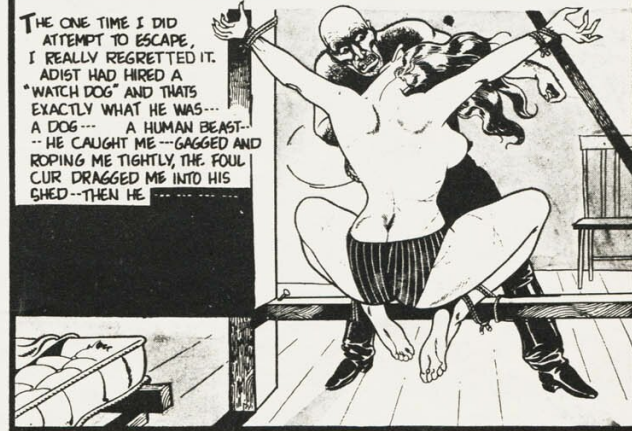
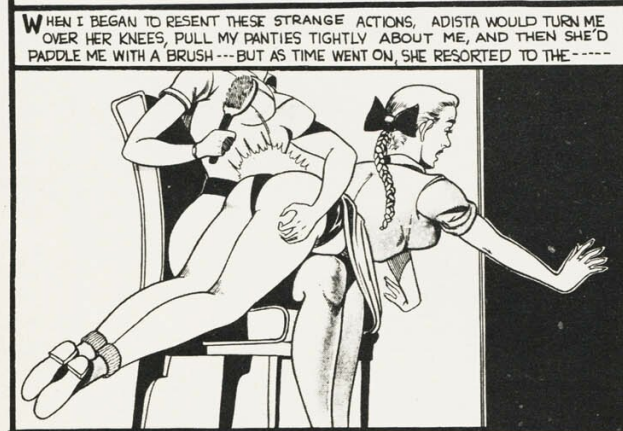
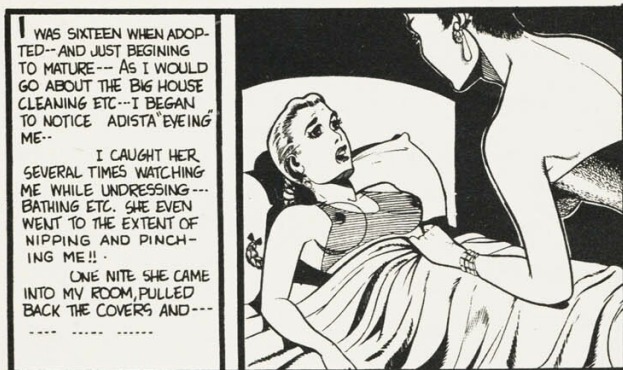
To the right, Kareen reveals that "with no provocation whatsoever she'd take pleasure in making me wince. She's ingenious when it comes to inventing new methods for inflicting pain."

The fetishistic elements predominate here, especially in Madam Adista's apparel — leather skirt, leather gloves, high-heels combined with leather boots, apparently, even, a leather brassiere and usual severe countenance.

Kareen, on the other hand, while exhibiting interest to the stocking and panty-bra fetishist, is a normally-sexed girl about to be given a good paddling on her buttocks. Meanwhile, she is chained hand and foot.

Below, Madam Adista on the left, about to inflict punishment on Kareen for having disobeyed a command. Fetishistic element is clearly seen in attire of Madam Adista.





Kareen's initiation into her strange experiences is described in the drawing above, left. The text elaborates—"She seems to take uncanny delight in administering a spanking to me and there were times when she'd put me across her knees and use a hairbrush across my seat as if I were a naughty child. And I was a grown woman!

"I can remember the time when I was about seventeen. I had accidentally walked into one of her private rooms, the one she called the Art Gallery. I had been cautioned that I was too young to appreciate her taste in 'Art.'

"First she chained my wrists to the bed post in my room then pinioned my ankles to the floor. Then she took a whip from the stable and prepared to administer a chastisement to my seat. I pleaded with her (sadistic satisfaction), I cajoled, I apologized. Finally she weakened and substituted a ruler for the whip. The strokes she administered on my fanny caused it to smart plenty."

In the picture above, right, Kareen explains how she was unable to run away and what happened to her once when she actually tried to escape.

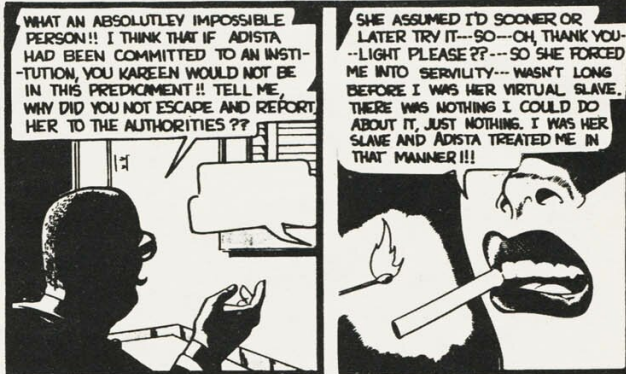
High-heel fetish element appears as does a new element in bottom pictures—the ugly monster. This is brute force personified, either masochistic element or sadistic element, depending on whether one associates himself with the brute or with the victim.

Application of ugliness as representing brute force is masochistic element. It is presumably based on the added fear created by such since it is the psychic counterpart of physical violence. Note that the brute is attired in fetishistic black boots, the young girl in the usual small, thin panties. Her body bears considerably more bruises than before.

Her magnificently-developed breast is visible (breast partialism). Colored panties could be another concession to buttocks partialists since they serve to draw special attention to this portion of girl's anatomy. Long hair likewise could be incorporated for hair fetishists.

To the right we have Kareen's initial reaction to Madam's activities. She begins to alibi for her activities, attitude which can be construed as awakening of interest in such activities (hope of sadist).

Extreme closeup of match could be sadist symbol-burning causes pain. Lower picture is reverse of above—Kareen's wish to die reveals to sadist that she is suffering.





ONE NIGHT ADISTA HAD A DATE--- BUT THE PERSON NEVER SHOWED UP---SO SHE GOT A BOTTLE AND BEFORE LONG, SHE WAS VERY INTOXICATED, THEN SHE CALLED ME IN TO THE ROOM---WELL-----



IN HER DRUNKEN STATE ADISTA WAS DANGEROUS---I FEARED HER PENT-UP FURY--- SHE LASHED OUT AT MY LEGS ---I FELL TO THE FLOOR--SHE QUICKLY BOUND AND GAGGED ME FROM HEAD TO FOOT--GLARING AT ME WITH INSANITY IN HER EYES--- ADISTA THEN-----

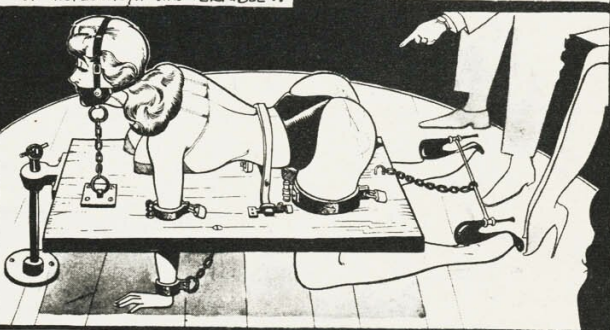
BELIEVE ME INSPECTOR, THERE WAS NO ONE ON EARTH AS RUTHLESS AS THAT WOMAN----- **ADISTA!**



SHE SPENT FABULOUS SUMS OF MONEY ON SPECIAL MADE WHIPS--LEATHER ONES, RUBBER ONES---"SWITCHES" OF TREE LIMBS, CHEMICALLY TREATED---DOZENS OF PAIRS OF ARM LENGTH BLACK GLOVES AND COUNTLESS NUMBERS OF BOOTS AND SPIKED HEEL SHOES !!



THEN SHE CONTRIVED THE MOST INGENIOUS GADGETS--- ALL SORTS OF APPARATUS DESIGNED TO INFLECT PAIN!!--THE FIRST ONE SHE CONSTRUCTED WAS CALLED THE "PERSUADER". I WAS ATTACHED TO IT SECURELY AND PLACED ON OPEN EXHIBIT FOR HER MORONIC FRIENDS TO GATHER AND RIDICULE ME--- OH INSPECTOR, IT WAS TERRIBLE !!



KAREEN, WASN'T THERE ANYONE AT THOSE PARTIES THAT WOULD HAVE HELPED YOU ESCAPE FROM ADISTA?



NOT A SOUL--- I APPROACHED SEVERAL---THEY SIMPLY SNEERED--- THEY SEEMED TO TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN SEEING ME SO CREST-FALLEN ---I WAS COMPLETELY SUBJUGATED !!!



**THEN, ONE NIGHT THE TABLES TURNED!!**

ADISTA WAS PREPARING FOR ANOTHER ONE OF HER "WILD PARTIES" BEFORE EACH GATHERING, SHE WOULD DRINK HERSELF FULL ---SHE WANTED TO FEEL "GOOD"---BUT--- THIS TIME ADISTA TOOK A LITTLE TOO MUCH AND "NOD-DED" OUT !!--- I LEAPED AT THIS OPPORTUNITY---I TIED HER HANDS BEHIND HER BACK, STUFFED A GAG IN HER EVIL MOUTH AND DRAGGED THE TRUSSED WITCH DOWN INTO THE COLD BASEMENT.



Above, left, Karen describes how she first became subjected to Madam Adista's peculiar habits.

Above, right, Karen's description of Madam Adista, in first picture. Here sadistic elements are pronounced — whip, stern countenance. Note sadistic earrings — tiny spiked balls. Even finger guard on whip has a spike. Extremely well-developed breasts obviously cater to breast partialists.

Karen describes being caught entering Madam Adista's Art Gallery: "She grabbed one of the many hairbrushes from one of the tables, pulled me over to a nearby chair and placed me across her knees, my tummy resting on her thighs. She then raised the skirt of my dress and pulled my panties tightly about me, she administered a paddling, the likes of which I'll never forget. For days on afterwards I denied myself the luxury of sitting. And it was weeks before the stinging and the smarting completely disappeared."

Lower picture with highly-complicated persuader proves interesting for several reasons. Almost completely bare buttocks still retain covering which is in this case more of a leather belt. Complete subjugation of Karen brings utmost gratification to sadist. Note impractical connections on shoes. Karen could wiggle out of shoes easily. Shoes worn merely to add high-heeled fetishism.

To right, Karen reveals how she finally obtained the upper hand. First picture emphasizes inspector's mustache (hair fetishism), high-heel fetishism and limb-partialism. Next drawing emphasizes breast-partialism.





Above, left, Kareen describes her delight in subduing Madam Adista. Extreme of artist here is self-evident. No need to tie Madam Adista as shown when she is "out like a light." Buttocks partialism very evident, almost always accompanied with leather panty element. Obvious impracticability of such wear indicates that interest in such wear does not originate with the woman but with the leather fetishist.

Lower picture again emphasizes extremely well-developed breasts of Kareen, catering to brassiere fetishists. Novel design is interesting.

Other picture is simple emphasis on stocking fetishism as well as high-heels. This is one of few times in entire series that stocking fetishists get a break. Here it is combined with complete lack of pants, also unusual.

Above right, Kareen has transformed herself into a "petite French maid" albeit a very unusual one. Several new elements appear here. Black net stockings are shown to full advantage for first time. Likewise, almost complete exposure of the breasts appears, including nipple and areola exposure. Very small waist also appears for first time. Old standby, maximum buttocks exposure is also with us.

Kareen has disguised herself, presumably with use of black mask, and plans to ring in Madam Adista as herself. Kareen has stuffed a powderpuff in Madam Adista's mouth and disguised her by placing a black leather head piece over the madam.

To right, Kareen's plan gets underway. Punishment meant for her is received by Madam Adista from her friends invited for a good time.

Smaller pictures reveal usual elements.







Above left, Karen proceeds to tie Madam Adista into place for "the lesson of her life." Note bizarre head piece on the madam. This is perhaps the most extreme aspect of all the "leather" fetishes.

Interesting thing about above left picture is the element of bipolarity as regards sadism-masochism. We now have the original situation reversed. We do not know if the madam is enjoying the beating, of course but that is implied, for all sadists have a subordinated desire to be flogged and all masochists will at times find the desire to beat a love partner.

Above right, several interesting elements visible here, too. Most dominant is pure physical beauty of Karen with magnificently protruding breasts actually being up-swept by unique transparent brassiere. All other women physically appealing, too.

The dominated has become the dominating. It appears justified in this instance because Karen has suffered so at the hands of the very people who now realize "they couldn't start to beg for mercy for they knew I would never release them."

This justification is proved false by her attire—she is no longer the "petite French maid" but herself. Actually she is not herself. She is now the artist's conception of a sadist who has justifiably arrived at this state, an avenging angel, punishing the punishers.

No normal girl, however, even after having undergone what she did, would resort to holding a whip over a group of bound persons, nor would she wear leather gloves which serve no purpose, ditto the extremely high heeled shoes.

Karen has become the ideal sadist's object; one who is ostensibly opposed to being whipped yet who is capable of eventually turning on the sadist and satisfying his secret and subordinated desires to be whipped himself.

To right (page 14), we again have in the upper left hand drawing concentration on an excellent breast development, with especial emphasis on an unusually developed nipple, visible under the transparent brassiere. The lower picture concentrates on the buttocks again and the usual black leather panties.

The element of homosexuality can be recognized in many cases. The hero and heroine are both female whereas most flagellants prefer their partners to be of the opposite sex. In such cases as the one in question, homosexual relationship can be made by identification with one of the girls, depending on whether the person is attracted to the masochistic or the sadistic element..





# Amusing Burly Ads

**NEW FOLLIES Burlesk**  
 MI. 0458 ★ 6th & MAIN

**ON STAGE IN PERSON**

**JENNY LEE**

*and her*  
**EDUCATED TORSO**

AMERICA'S BIGGEST BUSTED SHOW GIRL!

Midnite Show Sat.  
 3 SHOWS DAILY  
 2:30 7:30 10:15  
*Ladies Invited*

L.A.'s ONLY BIG-TIME BURLESQUE SHOW

Original ad run in L.A. papers

**NEW FOLLIES Burlesk**  
 MI. 0458 ★ 6th & MAIN

**ON STAGE IN PERSON**

**JENNY LEE**

*and her*  
**EDUCATED TORSO**

AMERICA'S BIGGEST BUSTED SHOW GIRL!

Midnite Show Sat.  
 Plus  
**PATTI WAGGIN**

L.A.'s ONLY BIG-TIME BURLESQUE SHOW

Same ad touched up after papers received objections from irate mothers.





**BIG TIME BURLESQUE!**  
 Starring **LILA GARDER**  
 Glamorous Parisian BEAUTY—Plus other cuties

**SID MARVIN** THE AL JOLSON OF BURLESQUE  
 NO COVER — NO MINIMUM

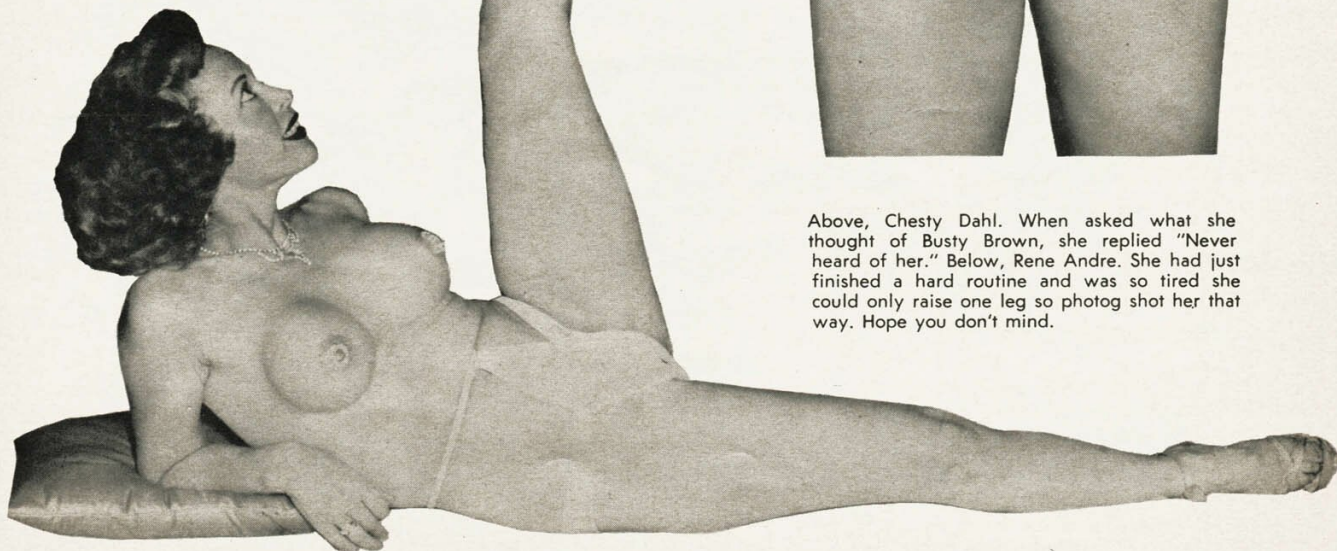
**THE IRISH WORLD**

Added Attraction **"CHESTY" DAHL**  
 LOWEST DRINK PRICES IN TOWN  
 3955 W. Imperial Hwy. 7 Nites a Week  
 At Prairie. OR. 1-1380

**Club EL RANCHO**  
**BURLESQUE**  
 Keep ABREAST of the times  
**CONFIDENTIAL**  
 Acts and Figures Starring  
**RENE ANDRE**  
 "Look Ma, No Bra"

★ TONJA ★ CAPRICE  
 ★ VICKI  
 ★ GREAT RICARDO  
 ★ WALTER CRAIG  
 ★ CHARLIE CRAFTS  
 ★ CAROLE ABBOTT  
 ★ THE NOTABLES  
 1738 W. 7th St.

8 Blocks West of Statter Hotel  
 Show Sts. 9 p.m.  
 No Cov. No. Adm.  
 DU. 2-7662



Above, Chesty Dahl. When asked what she thought of Busty Brown, she replied "Never heard of her." Below, Rene Andre. She had just finished a hard routine and was so tired she could only raise one leg so photog shot her that way. Hope you don't mind.



*She's Back!!*  
**TEMPEST STORM**  
*"America's Sweater Girl"*  
 With Her **BOSOM PALS**

★ **6<sup>th</sup>**  
 AND MAIN  
 MI. 0458

**NEW FOLLIES**  
*Burlesque*  
 Midnite Show Sat.

Tonight and every Tuesday Giant  
**BATTLE OF  
 BURLESQUE QUEENS**  
 DINING • DANCING • COCKTAILS  
 No Cover • No Admission  
 Dinner Served From 5 P.M.



"The Biggest Show  
 in Town"  
**COLONY CLUB**  
 PLY. 6-2680  
 WESTERN AVE. at 149th St.

*That Lusty* **BUSTY BROWN**  
*"MISS ANATOMY!"*  
 "J. RUSSELL" SAYS "BUSTY BROWN"  
 "MAKES ME FEEL INADEQUATE!"

**2 MC'S** BERT HENRY  
 BERLE WILLIAMS ★  
**BIG STRIP-A-THON** EVERY MON. NIGHT  
 NO COV. - NO ADM. - 7 NITES A WEEK

Home of BIG NAME  
**BURLESQUE  
 STRIP  
 CITY**  
 Western at Pico  
 RE 1-3975

★ JAKE RUSSELL, INDIO, CALIF.  
 30 WATT BULBS 30  
 15 AMP. FUSES 15

Right, Donna Busty Brown in person.






**STRIP CITY** Western at Pico  
Home of BIG NAME  
**BURLESQUE**

STARRING **VENUS "The Body"**  
SHE'S ANAMORPHIC, PANORAMIC, STEREOPHONIC and GEORGE!

BERT HENRY  
2 NEW MC'S BERLE WILLIAMS  
OUR GIRLS DRESS BEHIND THE NEW WIDE SCREEN  
BIG STRIP-A-THON EVERY MON. NITE

SAM INCESSANT!  
PLEASE WRITE!

RE. 1-3975 • 7 NITES A WEEK—NO COV.—NO ADM.




Venus the Body, nee Jeanne Smyle, relaxes between shows for 21's photographer.

**Club EL RANCHO**


BURLESQUE  
**EXPOSE'**  
BARE FACTS  
REVEALED!

"COME INTO MY  
PARLOR"  
says  
CAROLE JAYNE  
The Spider Girl

featuring  
WALLY BLAIR  
CHARLIE CRAFTS  
ROBIN JEWELL  
COLLETTE  
LIBBY JONES

Show Starts 9 P.M.  
No Cover,  
No Admission

5 Hours Continuous Entertainment  
1738 W 7th St. DU 2-7662  
5 BLOCKS WEST OF STATLER HOTEL







ye  
olde poets'  
corner

## The Court of Equity

ROBERT BURNS, 1796

In *Truth and Honour's* name.—Amen.  
 Know all men by these presents plain,  
 The *Twelfth of May*, at Mauchline given,  
 The year 'twteen eighty-five and seven;  
 We, old practitioners by profession,  
 As per extracts frae Books o' Session,  
 In way and manner here narrated,  
 All *con amore* congregated,  
 Are by our brethren constituted  
 A *Court of Equity*; deputed,  
 With special authorized direction  
 To take within our strict protection  
 The open stay-laced *quondam*, maiden  
 With growing life, and anguish laden,  
 Who by the miscreant is denied  
 That led her thoughtless steps aside.  
 He who disowns the ruin'd fair one  
 And for here wants and woes doth care none;  
 The wretch who can deny subsistence  
 To life he raked into existence;  
 The coof wha stands on *clishmaclaver*  
 When lassies halflins offer favour;  
 The sneak wha, at a lasses by-job  
 Defrauds her wi' frig or dry-bob;  
 The knave who takes a private stroke  
 Beneath his sanctimonious cloak—  
 In short, all who in any manner,  
 Shall stain the Fornicator's Honour,—  
 To take cognizance there anent,  
 We are the judges competent.  
 First,—poet BURNS he takes the chair,  
 Allow'd by all, his title's clear;  
 He shows a duplicate pretension  
 To pass *nem. con.*—without dissension.  
 Next, merchant Smith, our trusty fiscal,  
 To cow each pertinacious rascal;  
 In this his very foes admit  
 His merit is conspicuous great.  
*Richmond*, the third, our worthy clerk,  
 Our minutes he will duly mark;  
 A fit dispenser o' the law,  
 In absence o' the other twa.

And fourth, our messenger at arms,  
When failing a' the milder terms,  
*Hunter*, a willing, hearty brither,  
Weel skilled in dead and living leather.  
Without preamble less or more said,  
We-body politic aforesaid—  
Shall now, wi' due "whereas" and  
"wherefore,"  
Dispatch the business we came here for,  
And punish contraeining truants,  
At instance of our constituents;  
And thus, by proper regulation,  
We'll purge the lists of fornication.  
Our fiscal here, by his petition  
Informs us there is strong suspicion  
That coachman *Dow*, and clocky *Brown*—  
Baith residents in this town,—  
In other words, you, *Jock* and *Sandy*,  
Hae been at warks o' *Houghmagandie*;  
And now when facts are brought to light,  
Those facts ye baith deny outright.  
First, clocky *Brown*, there's witness borne,  
And affidavit made and sworn  
Last Mauchline February Fair  
That *Jeanie's* masts ye laid them bare;  
For ye had furled up her sails  
And was at play o' heads and tails  
And that ye wrought a hurly-burly  
In *Jeanie Mitchell's* turly-wurly:  
That ye her pend'lum tried to alter  
And graized at her regulator:  
And further still, ye cruel vandal!—  
A tale might e'en in hell be scandal—  
That ye hae made repeated trials  
Wi' drags and droggs in doctor's vials  
Mixt, as ye thought, in fell infusion,  
Your ain-begotten wean to poison;  
And yet ye are sae scant o' grace  
As daur to lift your brazen face  
And offer there to give your aith  
Ye never lifted *Jeanie's* claiith.  
Next, *Sandy Dow*, ye are indicted—

As publicly ye hae been wyted—  
For aft clandestinely up-whirlin'  
The petticoats of Maggy's Borlan;  
And gien her cannister a rattle  
That months hereafter winna settle,  
And yet, ye loon, ye still protest,  
Ye never hurried Maggy's nest;  
Tho' it's weel-kenn'd that her gyvel  
Ye've dont what Time will soon unravel.  
Then, *Brown* and *Dow*, above designed  
For clags and claims hereto subjoined  
The Court aforesaid cite and summon  
That on the fourth of June just comin',  
The hour of cause, in our court-ha'  
At Whiteford Armsm ye'll answer a';  
Exculpate proof ye needna bring  
For ye're resolved about one thing,—  
Yet, as reluctantly we punish,  
And rather would with zeal admonish,  
We, for that ancient *secret* sake  
You have the honour to partake,  
And for that noble badge you wear,—  
You Sandy Dow, our brother dear,  
We give you as a man and mason,  
This serious, sober, friendly lesson:  
Your crime, a manly deed we trow it,  
As man alone can rightly do it,  
And he's nae man that won't avow't.

Therefore, confess, and join our core  
And keep reproach outside the door,  
The best o' men hae been surprised,  
The doucest women been advised,  
The cleverest lads hae had a trick o't,  
The bonniest lasses ta'en a lick o't;  
Kings hae been proud our name to own—  
The brightest jewel in their crown;  
The rhyming sons o' bleak Parnassus,  
Were ay red-wud about the lasses,  
And soul and body, all would venture,  
Rejoicing in our list to enter;  
E'en (what wad throw't?)—the cleric order  
And show-in { kittle } time and place—  
                        { certain }



They are as scant a' boasted grace,  
 As ony o' the human race.  
 So, Brother Dow, be not ashamed  
 In sic a *quorum* to be named,  
 But lift a dauntless brow upon it,  
 And say, "I am the man has done it,—  
 I, Sandy Dow, gat Meg wi' bairn,  
 An' fit to do as much again!"  
 For you, John Brown, sae black your faut is,  
 Sae double-dyed, we gie you notice,  
 Without ye, by a quick repentence,  
 Acknowledge Jean's and your acquaintance  
 Remember this shall be your sentence:—  
 Our beagles to the Cross shall tak ye  
 And there shall mither-naked mak ye;  
 Around the rump a rope they'll tack,  
 And tye your hands ahint your back,  
 Wi' jist an ell of string allow'd  
 To jink and hide ye frae the crowd;  
 There shall ye stand a lawful seizure,  
 Induring Jeannie Mitchell's pleasure,  
 So be her pleasure don't surpass  
 Five turnings o' a hauf-hour glass;  
 Nor shall it in her pleasure be  
 To turn you loose in less than three.  
 This our *futurum esse* decreet,  
 We mean not to be kept a secret,  
 But in our Summons here insert it  
 And whose dare—let him subvert it!  
 Thus, marked above, the date and place is,  
*Sigillum est, per Burns* the presis;  
 This Summons, wi' the Signet mark,  
*Extractum est, per Richmond* clerk;  
 At Mauchline, idem date of May  
 'Tween four and five, decline of day  
 You twa, in *propria personae*,  
 Before designed, Sandy and Johnnie,  
 This Summons, legally you've got it,  
 As *vide* witness under-noted,  
 Within the house of John Dow, vintner,  
*Nunc facia hoc* GULLIELMUS HUNTER.



## Tottingham Frolic

### CHOYCE DROLLERY

As I came from Tottingham  
 Upon a Market-Day,  
 There I met with a bonny Lass  
 Cloathed all in Grey,  
 Her journey was to London,  
 With Butter-milk and Whey.  
 To come Down a down,  
 To come Down, down a down a.  
 Sweetheart, quoth he,  
 You're well overtook,  
 With that she cast her head aside,  
 And lent him a look;  
 Then presently these two  
 Both hands together shook:  
 To come, etc.  
 And as they rode together,  
 Along side by side,  
 The Maiden it so chanced,  
 Her Garter was unt'y'd;

For fear that she would olse it,  
 Look here. Sweet-heart. he cry'd,  
 Your Garter is down a down, etc.  
 Good sir, quoth she,  
 I pray you take the Pain,  
 To do so much for me;  
 As to take it up again,  
 With a good will, quoth he,  
 When I come to yonder Plain,  
 I will take you down, etc.  
 And when they came unto the place,  
 Upon the Grass so green,  
 The Maid she held her legs so wide,  
 The young man slipt between,  
 Such tying of a Garter,  
 You have but seldom seen.  
 To come down, etc.  
 Then she rose up again,  
 And thank'd him for his pain:  
 He took her by the middle small,  
 And Kiss'd her once again:  
 Her journey was to London,  
 And he from Highgate came,

To come down, etc.  
 Thus Tibb of Tottingham,  
 She lost her Maiden-head,  
 But yet it is no matter,  
 It stood her in small stead,  
 For it often did trouble her,  
 As she lay in her Bed.  
 To come down, etc.  
 But when all her Butter-milk  
 And her Whey were sold,  
 The loss of her Maiden-head,  
 It waxed very cold:  
 But that which will away, quoth she,  
 Is very hard to hold,  
 To come, etc.  
 You Maids, you Wives, and Widows,  
 That now do hear my Song,  
 If any young man proffer Kindness,  
 Pray take it short or long;  
 For there is no such Comfort  
 As lying with a Man.  
 To come Down a down,  
 To come Down, down a down a.



The following is not fiction. The quotations are extracted from advice-to-the-lovelorn columns and the originals are on file in our office. Believe it or not.

IT'S

# LOVE LOVE LOVE



I am 27, married, and childless. My husband and I were engaged 2 years. We love each other dearly. We have been married five years. I still love him when he is at more than arms length from me. When he gets close or tries to caress me, I am revolted. My face shows it.

At first he was patient. Now he gets angry. I can't blame him. I am cold. I sincerely want to change. My father was a rough, beastly man. Could that be why I can't accept my husband?

\*

Ours is an unhappy marriage. I am 17 years older than my husband. Several times we've separated and then gone back together again. He makes me work. Then he puts his savings in his own bank account. Our house is always open to his relatives, but never to mine.

He has offered to give me \$500 if I will divorce him. He won't give me any more than that. He will not go to a marriage counselor. He will not humble himself and pay for guidance. I've always felt guilty over marrying such a young man. Probably he would be happier with a younger woman. However, he says he'll never be taken in by any woman again. Should I take the \$500 and divorce him?

\*

You've printed letters from wives separated from their husbands, and troubled with physical yearnings. I have the same problem, even though I'm with my husband. He ignores me.

I'm not bad looking. I am no more demanding than my friends. But their husbands don't treat them the way my husband treats me. I have a right to be loved, don't I? We both are 30.

I've been married once before. At first his deficiency did not seem important to me. With each passing month it becomes more important. Now I'm attracted to almost any man who smiles at me. My husband says he's sorry about things, but that there is nothing he can do about it. Have you any suggestions?

\*

I am 15 and in love with a boy 18. We started to go steady 3 months ago when his old girl friend moved out of town and then we became engaged. Now the old flame is back and she has been telling everyone they are to be married in a month.

He tells me now that he is very mixed up and doesn't know what is what. The air force may call him soon and I am very much afraid if I don't marry him pretty quick the old girl friend will grab him. Please advise me.

\*

My son was with a 16-year-old girl last year—as were many boys including two of his brothers. When she was going to have a baby he felt sorry for her and married her as he wanted a child very much and knew she would have to go a girls' home and give the baby away if he didn't marry her. She had a miscarriage and got pregnant again a month later. That baby is now two months old.

My son is not hard to please, but he would at least like to have his bed made, floor swept, and dishes washed, and a warm meal night and morning without having to fix it himself. She gives no thought to keeping the baby, the house or herself clean. She seems to be afraid of water and wears men's blue jeans and men's shirts a week at a time.

My son has bought all new furniture, has two cars and works every day. He saved money before marriage but can't seem to save anything now since the stove alone was a deluxe model which is not cleaned until someone else cleans it. He is ashamed to invite company in.

He has told me he will leave her within three months if she doesn't change. I want to save the marriage for the baby's sake.

I am 22 years old and very mixed up. I have been married three times. My present husband is a wonderful guy but I just don't love him. I met a man who is 14 years older than I am. I want to marry him but I have made so many mistakes that I don't know what to do any more. Can you please help me?

\*

We are five girls who grew tired of our boy friends and decided to swap horses. Now we want our old boy friends back again. Please tell us what to do.

\*

I have been married 5 years and love my husband dearly. Since the very beginning of our marriage he told me that he can't resist "taking a fling" now and then but I have always forgiven him.

Recently a twice-married woman said she was determined to break up our marriage and she is doing a pretty good job of it. We are in our forties and she is in her fifties. She is after him constantly—telephoning him and what not, and now she has moved right next door to his office.

My husband is very content when she is not in the picture but the minute she appears he says she brings out the "animal" in him. Please give me some help on this problem and tell me what to do.

\*

(continued Page 15)



When I discovered my husband was cheating on me I became disgusted and went out to have some fun and "get even." I realize how wrong I was for now I find that as a result of this foolishness I'm in serious trouble. We already have one child and my husband knows nothing of this. Shall I continue to deceive him? Please tell me what to do?

\*

When I take my girl out she spoils the whole evening with her demands for lovemaking. I've told her there's time enough for that after we are married, but she says I'm wasting both our lives.

We've been going steady, and she is almost a dream. Yet I am afraid of marriage.

\*

I am in a difficult situation because of my younger sister is visiting me. My husband's brother lives with us. He is a fine boy, very popular with the girls; and both my husband and I thought it would be wonderful when she came to visit us if she and the boy, whom I shall call Bob, were to fall in love.

My sister is very pretty and has a nice agreeable disposition. But she is very self-willed and when she dates stays out until three or four in the morning. The men she dates are men she has met at parties here and I really know nothing about them.

But this isn't my worry. I hate to tell this. But my sister comes to breakfast with a thin robe over a brassiere and a pair of little nylon panties. She might pretty near as well have nothing on.

She isn't careful about fastening the robe. She lets it fly open. It embarrasses me terribly. I spoke to her about it and she made fun of me, saying she had as much on as she would have at the beach. This isn't true because undergarments are so transparent.

Bob stopped having breakfast with us, saying he would get his breakfast on his coffee break. Finally, my husband has asked me to speak again to my sister. He says her state of undress makes him uncomfortable.

I told her and she is very angry. I have ordered her not to come to breakfast until she is fully clothed so now she doesn't come down until the men are all gone. Am I being unreasonable and is it wrong to wish she would shorten her visit?

\*

I am a young man of 28, single, honest and full of the love of life. Occasionally I meet some nice girl and we fall in love for a while. Then we part and she marries somebody else. Or sometimes a married woman takes a fancy to me. We have a polly time together until her husband appears. In brief, I am a bachelor. I work in an office and besides women, I like wine and art.

Recently we got a new girl in the office. She's married but doesn't act it. She embraces me when nobody is around. I'm afraid. I don't want another affair on my neck—the last one is still in my mind.

But what can I do? I'm not used to refusing women, especially pretty ones. But I hate cheap affairs. (I have always managed to fall in love, but I cannot anymore.)

\*

Can a woman love two men equally and to the point where she is unhappy without one or the other? They are both wonderful guys, and we are a happy threesome as they are good friends.

Is it possible to love them both, or is it that I am too immature to know my own feelings?

I have been married for nine years and have two children. But I am very unhappy. My husband is jealous. He gets mad every time I laugh and talk with anyone and stays mad for days. He has been pretty mean to me and because of this I have fallen in love with someone else.

He tells me he will never change and if I don't like it, to leave and go somewhere else. Should I marry the other man whom I love or should I stay with my husband and be unhappy?

\*

I like a boy who just turned 16. I am just 14. He is a junior and I am a freshman in high school. Do you think he is too old for me? My cousin does. Please help me.

\*

What can a wife do when her husband goes out nights? If I ask him where and what happens he tells me he pays the bills and is 3 times 7. I have tried everything I know to change him. Can you help me?

I have gone with a boy for seven months. Well, not exactly, for he hardly ever calls me anymore and hardly ever takes me out. But when he does, he tells me Sweet Somethings, so I can't understand why I see him so rarely.

He is honorable, and I don't think he is leading me on. I think his mother has a lot to do with it. He is the oldest child and she won't let him do a thing. If this answers my question, what can I do?

\*

I am 47, have been married 14 years and my husband and I are in love and very happy. We have a son, 13.

A year ago we sold our home to some very good friends, and built a large ranch home next door. But since then, the husband has been molesting me constantly.

I asked him if he'd lost his mind, but he says he loves me. I told his wife, and she said she didn't mind, she was getting old and needed a home. I also told my husband. Can you help me out?



## New Sexology Books

### The Homosexuals

Edited by A. M. Krich  
This book is subtitled (homosexuals) As Seen by Themselves and 50 authorities. Part one presents a collection of revealing autobiographies, diaries, letters and intimate observations in which the homosexuals speak for themselves. Part two offers an examination of the cause and cure of homosexuality by important figures from all major schools of thought. \$4.25

### Female Homosexuality

By Frank S. Caprio, M.D.  
Dr. Caprio spent 1952 and 1953 press purpose of gathering scientific information around the world for the information dealing with the prevalence and practices of lesbianism throughout the world. Much of this information was obtained direct from lesbians themselves, in some cases from women working in brothels.

A chapter entitled, Clinical Data, presents reported cases, autobiographical confessions of lesbians. A complete chapter is devoted to the dream life of lesbians. \$5.25

### Incest Behavior

By Dr. S. Kirsan Weinberg  
This book is the first book-length analysis of incest behavior.

Dr. Weinberg traces the processes leading up to incest behavior; the conditions and situations precipitating the incestuous act, the kinds of families in which incest occurs, and the effect upon the family before and after incest has been detected.

Incest Behavior is a comprehensive study of one of the least understood manifestations of sexual behavior.

The reader will be surprised at the many unusual aspects presented: daughters who willingly become their fathers' lovers, mothers who allow such practices, etc. \$5.25

The above books can be obtained by writing directly to Monogram Books, 4425 Whittier Blvd., Los Angeles 22, Calif. No C.O.D.'s accepted. Orders accepted only on the warranty that purchasers are adults.



# THE TEMPLE OF THE ESTEEMED LOTUS

ADAPTED FROM HSING SHIH HENG, 1627



In the town of Eternal Purity there was once a large temple dedicated to the Esteemed-Lotus. It contained hundreds of rooms, and its grounds covered several thousand acres. Its wealth and prosperity were due to the possession of a famous relic.

The bonzes, who numbered about a hundred, lived in luxury; and visitors were sure to be received by one of them from the moment of entry, and to be invited to take tea and cakes. Now in the temple there was a "Babies' Chapel," which was reputed to possess miraculous virtue. By passing the night in it and burning incense, women who wished to have a son obtained a son: those who wished for a daughter obtained a daughter.

Round the main hall were set several cells. Women who wished for children had to be of vigorous age and free from malady. They used to fast for seven days, and then go into the temple to prostrate themselves before Fo, and to consult the wands of divination. If the omens were favorable, they passed a night locked up alone in one of the cells, for the purpose of prayer. If the omens were unfavorable, it was because their prayers had not been sufficiently sincere. The bonzes made this fault known to them; and they began their seven days' fast anew, before returning to make their devotions.

The cells had no sort of opening in their walls, and when a penitent entered one of them, her family and

attendants used to come and install her. As soon as night came, she was locked in the cell, and the bonzes insisted that a member of her family must pass the night before her door, so that none might entertain the least suspicion of an entry to her. When the woman returned to her home, the child was already formed. It was born fat and beautiful always, and without any blemish.

There was, moreover, no household, either of public officials or the common people, which did not send one or even two of its members to pray in the Babies' Chapel. And women came to it even from the provinces.

Every day the crowd in the sanctuary was comparable with mountains or the sea, and the place was filled with the gayest hubbub. They no longer kept any reckoning of the offerings of every kind which flowed in upon them. When the women were asked how, during the night, the P'u-sa had made his answer intelligible, some answered simply that Fo had told them in a dream that they would have a son. Others said they had dreamed that a lo-han had come and lain beside them. Others asserted that they had had no dream. Others again blushed and declined to answer. Some women never repeated this kind of prayer a second time: others, on the contrary, went to the temple as often as possible.

You will tell me that this story of a Fo or of a P'u-sa coming every night to the temple is in no way short of



preposterous. But it must be borne in mind that the people of that district had a greater faith in sorcerers than in doctors, and could not distinguish the true from the false. Consequently they continued to send their wives to the temple.

As a matter of course these bonzes, whose outward behavior was so laudable and correct, were wholly and unreservedly gluttons within, both for luxury and debauch.

Although the cells were apparently quite close, each really had a secret door. When the women were sound asleep, the bonzes came softly into the cell, and to such purpose that, when their victims were aroused, it was already almost too late. Those who would have wished to protest kept silence for the sake of their reputations.

Now the women were young and sound: the bonzes were strong and vigorous. They had, moreover, taken the precaution to cause certain special pills to be administered to their visitors. Consequently it but rarely happened that these prayers were not heard. Sober-minded wives would have died with shame sooner than confess the matter to their husbands: and, as for the others, they kept quiet so that they might be able to do it again.

Matters were in this case when a new Governor was appointed to the district, the Lord Wang. Soon after he entered upon his office, he heard tell of the Temple of the Esteemed-Lotus, and could not help thinking:

"Since it is Fo and P'u-sa who are involved, it should be enough simply to pray. Why, then, must the women also go and pass the night in the temple? There must be some questionable artifice in that."

But he could do nothing without proof, so he waited until the ninth Sun of the ninth Moon, which was a great festival, and then mixed with the crowd of the faithful who went to the place.

Passing through the main gate, he found himself beneath great acacias and hundred-year-old pines. Before him stood the temple, brightly painted with vermilion and decorated by a tablet on which was inscribed in gold letters: "Temple of the Esteemed-Lotus, for Retirement." To right and left was a succession of pavilions, and innumerable visitors were going out and coming in.

The first bonze who saw the Governor wished to run and warn his companions. The Lord Wang attempted to stop him, but he broke loose, and soon the drums and bells were sounding to do honor to the magistrate, while the bonzes formed in two ranks and bowed as he passed along.

He entered the temple and burned some joss-sticks; after which the Superior made him a low obeisance and begged him to come and rest himself for a moment in the reception hall. Tea was served. Then, concealing his true design, the Governor said:

"I have learned of the great reputation of this Retreat, and I intend to ask the Emperor to grant you a tablet of honor inscribed with the names and particulars of all the bonzes of the district."

Naturally the delighted Superior wished to prostrate himself in thanks; but the Governor continued:

"They have spoken to me also of a miraculous chapel. Is the matter so in truth? And in what manner are these prayers made?"

The Superior answered without misgiving that the period of fasting was seven days; but that by reason of the greatness of their desire and the sincerity of their prayers it most frequently happened that the petitions of the suppliants were granted in a dream during the night which they passed at the temple.

The Governor asked carelessly what measures were taken to ensure the preservation of the proprieties; and the other explained that the cells had no other entrance than the door, before which a member of the family had to pass the night.

"Since that is the case," said the visitor, "I shall send my wife here."

"If you wish for a son, it is only necessary for both of you to pray sincerely in your palace, and the miracle will be accomplished," the Superior assured him hastily; for he was greatly afraid to see the local authorities concerning themselves in this affair.

"But why must the wives of the people come here, if my wife need not disturb herself to do so?"

"Are you not the protector of our doctrine, and is it not natural that the spirits should pay special attention to your prayers?" answered the astute bonze.

"So be it," agreed Wang. "But allow me to visit this miraculous chapel."

The hall was filled with women, who fled to right and left. The statue of Kwan-yin was covered with necklaces and pieces of embroidery. She was represented holding a child in her arms, while four or five babies clung to her robe. The altar and the walls were covered with votive offerings, chiefly consisting of embroidered slippers. Candles beyond number were held in branches of candlesticks. The hall was filled with the smoke of incense. To the left was the immortal Chang who gives us children. To the right was the "Officer of the Star of Extended Longevity."

Wang bowed before the goddess. Then he went to visit the penitents' cells. Each ceiling was painted over with flowers, a carpet covered each floor and the bed, the table and the chairs were spotlessly clean.

He examined the cells carefully all over and found no crack. Not a mouse, not even an ant could have entered in. He went out in perplexity, and, after the usual formalities, again stepped into his plankeen, which was accompanied to the gate by all the bonzes.

Thinking to the right and musing to the left, as the proverb says, the Governor suddenly conceived a plan. As soon as he arrived at the palace, he summoned one of his secretaries, and said to him:

"Go and find me two harlots, and clothe them as honest women. Give one of them a box of black ink and the other a box of vermilion paste, and send them to pass the night at the temple. If any one approaches them, let them mark his head with the red and the black. I shall go myself to-morrow morning to examine the matter. Above all, let this thing be kept the closest secret."

The secretary at once went to seek out two public women of his acquaintance. One was named Mei-chieh, and the other Wan-erh. He took them to his house, explained the Governor's orders to them, and clothed them as matrons of good family. He summoned two



plankeens, which he caused the sham penitents to enter, and himself conducted the procession to the temple. He left the women in their cells, and came back to inform the bonze on duty.

After his departure, a little novice brought tea to the present visitors, who were more than ten in number. Who would have thought of troubling to examine the two new arrivals?

At the sounding of the first watch, all the cells were locked. The members of the various families took up their positions before the doors. The bonzes shut themselves into their own apartments.

When Mei-chieh found herself alone, she put her little box of vermillion near the pillow, turned up the lamp, undressed herself, and lay upon the bed. But she was unable to sleep for thinking of her mission, and continually kept looking through the bed curtains.

The second watch sounded. On every side the sounds of human life were silenced, and all things were still. Suddenly she heard, under the floor, this noise: Ko-ko. She sat up, thinking it was a rat, and saw a part of the floor move to one side. A shaven head appeared, and was quickly followed by the whole body. It was a bonze. Mei-chieh was astonished, and thought:

"So these rascally bonzes have been outraging honest women!"

But she did not stir. The bonze quietly blew out the lamp, came towards the bed, and let fall his robe, and slipped under the blankets.

Mei-chieh pretended to be asleep. She felt him gently move her to one side, and then she made as though to wake saying:

"Who are you who come in the night and insult me?" She pushed him away, but the bonze embraced her in his arms, and whispered: "I am a lo-han with a body of gold, and I have come to give you a son."

While speaking, he busied himself in accordance with his salacity. It must be said that all bonzes have no mean talent in the matter of cloud and rain; and this one was full of vigorous manhood. Mei-chieh was a woman of great experience, but she was unable to resist him and had difficulty, at length, in repressing her sighs. However, she took advantage of his emotion to dip her fingers in the box of vermillion and to mark his head without his perceiving it. After a certain time, the bonze glided from the bed, leaving the girl a little packet, and saying:

"Here are some pills to assist your prayer. Take three-tenths of an ounce each day in hot water, and you will have a son."

Wearily in body, Mei-chieh was just dimly closing her eyes, when she was aroused by a fresh touch, and, thinking that the same bonze had returned, said in surprise:

"What? Are you able to come back again, when even I am so tired?"

But he answered without a pause:

"You are making a mistake! I have but just come, and the savour of my comforts is as yet unknown to you."

"But, I am tired. . . ."

"In that case, take one of these pills. . . ."

And he handed her a packet. But she was afraid that it might be poison and placed it on the bed, contriving

in the same movement to dip her fingers in the vermillion and to stroke the newcomer's head. He was even more terrible than the former, and did not cease before cock-crow.

As the old song says:

*In an old stone mortar*

*Where so many pestles have been worn away,*

*There is need of a heavy copper hammer,*

*Or the work is lost.*

At dawn, another bonze appeared in the room.

The first bonze gave a chuckle, but rose and went out.

The other then approached and very gently caressed the tired Mei-chieh.

She pretended to repulse him, but he kissed her upon the lips, and said in her ear:

"If he has fatigued you, I have here some pills which will restore the Springtime of your thoughts."

And he thrust a pill into her mouth, which she could not avoid swallowing. A perfume rose from her mouth into her nostrils, and caused her bones to melt, imbuing her body with delicious warmth.

But, even while thinking of her own pleasure, Mei-chieh did not forget the Governor's orders. She marked the head of this new assailant also, saying:

"What a nice sleek old pate!"

The bonze burst out laughing:

"I am full of tender and reliable emotions. I am not like the unmannerly people of our town. Come and see me often."

And he retired.

Meanwhile the Governor had left his yamen by the fifth watch, before the day had yet broken, accompanied by an escort of about a hundred resolute men, carrying chains and manacles.

Arriving at the still closed gate of the temple, he made the greater part of his train hide to the right and left, keeping only some ten men about him. The secretary knocked at the gate, crying that the Governor was there and wished to enter.

The first bonzes who heard his shout made haste to arrange their garments and receive the visitor. But the Lord Wang, paying no attention to their salutations, went straight to the apartment of the Superior, who was already up and prepared to begin the ritual of his greeting. But the Governor dryly ordered him to summon all the bonzes, and to show him the register.

Somewhat alarmed, the Superior ordered bells and drums to be sounded, and the bonzes, snatched from their sleep, ran up in groups. When the names written on the register had been called, the Governor commanded the astonished bonzes to remove their skullcaps.

In the full light of the morning sun three heads were seen to be marked with vermillion, but, Oh, prodigy, no less than eleven heads were covered with black ink!

"It no longer surprises me that these prayers should be so successful," murmured the secretary. "Indeed these bonzes are very conscientious!"

Lord Wang pointed out the guilty ones, and caused them to be put in chains, asking: "Whence come these marks of red and black upon you?"

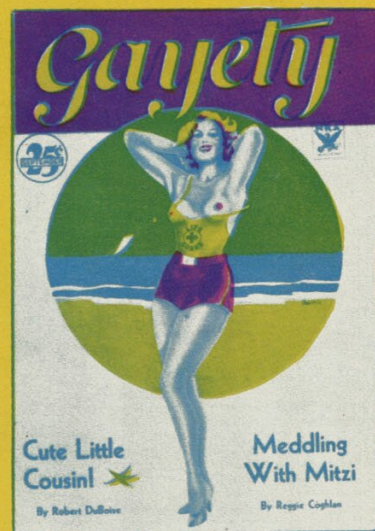
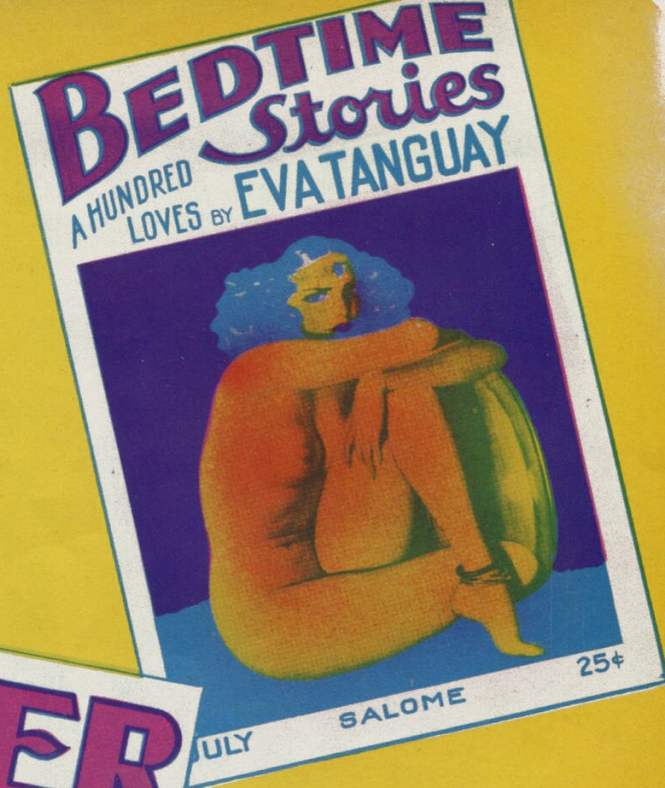
But the kneeling bonzes looked at each other and could not answer, while the whole assembly remained stricken with wonder at this strange event.



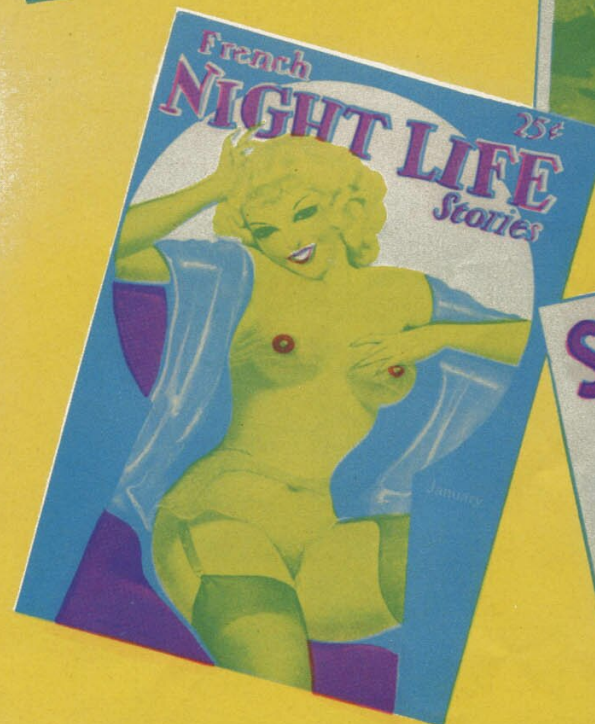
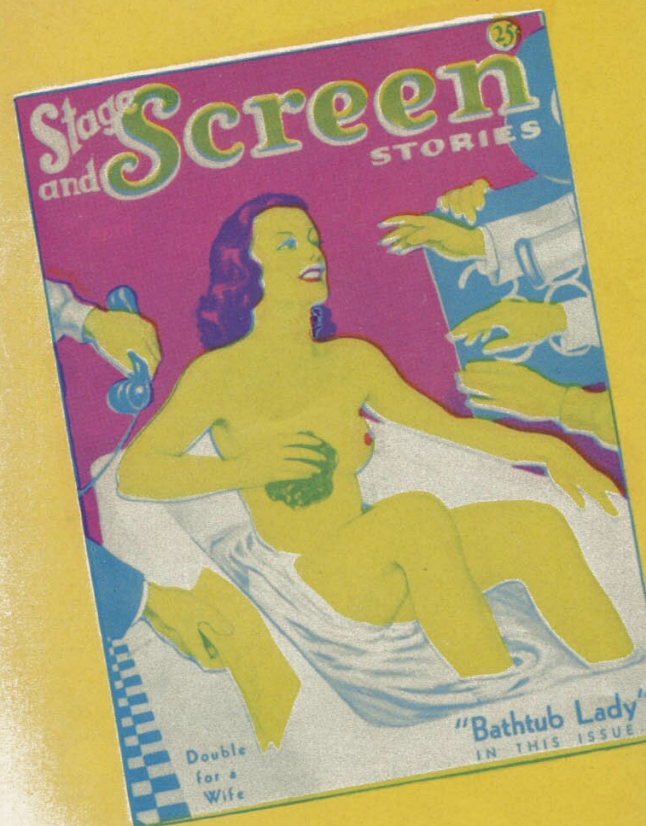
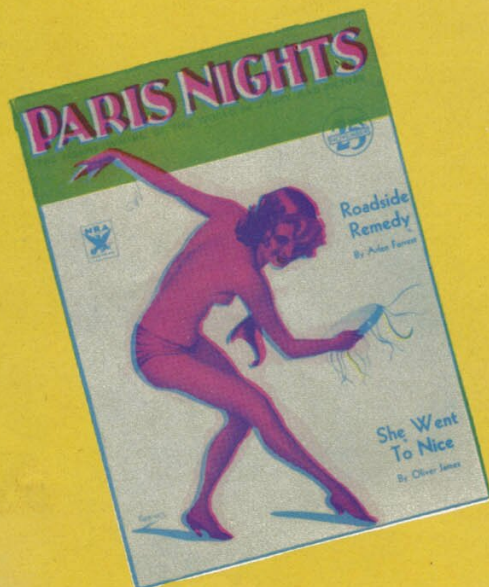
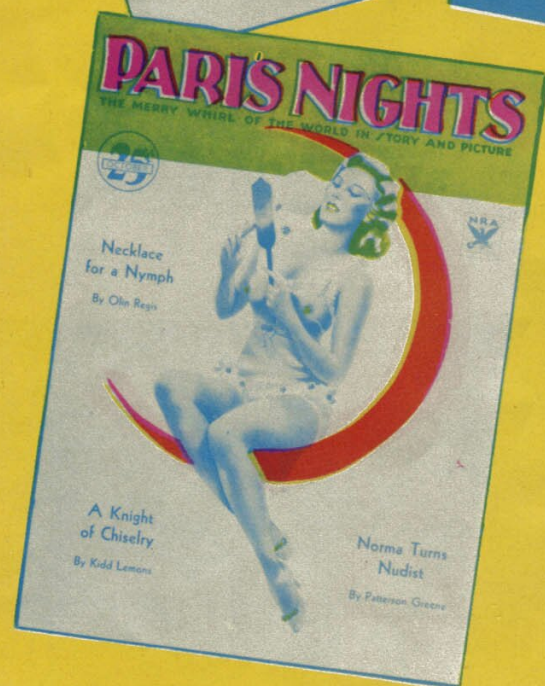
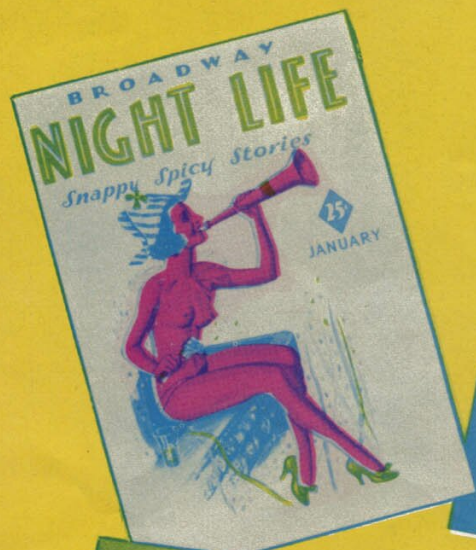
# ADULT MAGAZINE COVERS

The Gatherings Committee recently reported objecting to many of the covers on pocket books being sold today.

We present here examples of magazine covers circulating some twenty years ago — covers which would obviously have given the committee a nervous breakdown if they circulated today.







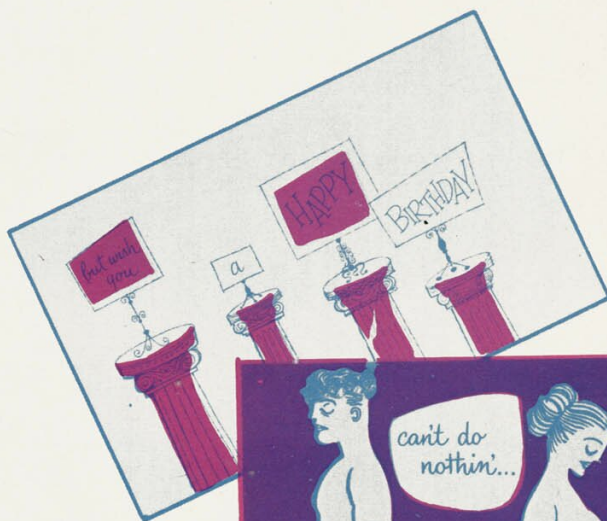




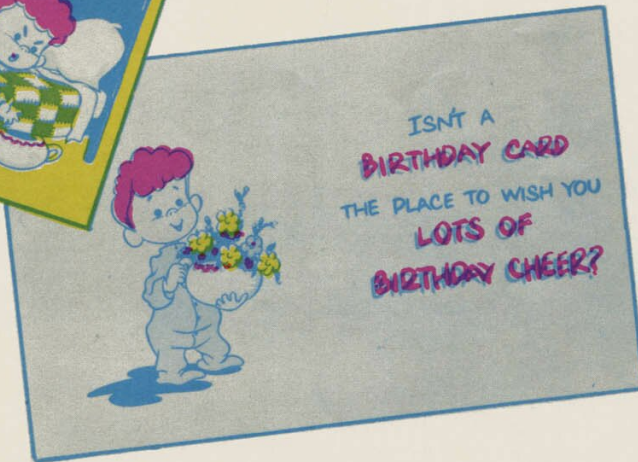


# Happy Birthday Cards

As part of our effort to examine the sexual morality of the times, we present this set of happy birthday cards which appear to be for sale in most of the gift and card shops.









YOU WERE EXPECTING, MAYBE, SOMETHING DIRTY?



THIS YOU GOTTA SEE...



AIN'T GOT A POT...



TO COOK IN!

But I can still wish you a Happy Birthday



what's the difference?



FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY

You ain't seen nothin'

till you've seen mine—



BIRTHDAY WISHES,

that is!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!





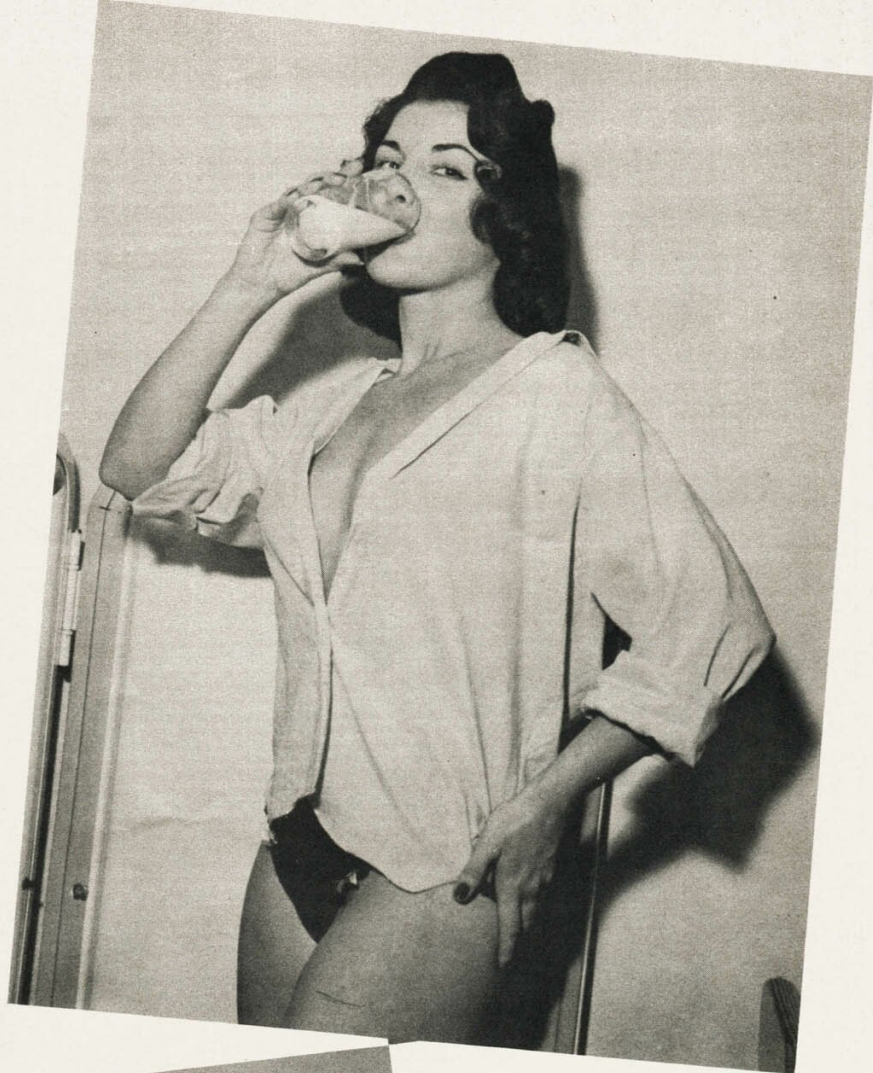
# Miss Friction Proof

We present on the following pages our human doll of the month, Anne Fleming, no relation, as we understand it, to Sir Alexander Fleming (discoverer of penicillin).

Anne was recently named MISS FRICTION PROOF by the Wynn Oil Company and is currently busy promoting their product locally in person and nationally via such ads as the one found at the bottom of the page.

















# CHASTITY BELTS

RICHARD JURGENS

The use of chastity belts to preserve a wife's fidelity seems amusing to us today but it was taken very seriously in former days, at least by husbands. Many wives even thought it was their duty to wear them, as we shall see. Such severe protections were doomed to failure, however, from the start since they finally came to depend on a key to open and remove the apparatus a duplicate of which all too frequently popped up in the hands of a wife's boy friend as a result of a short mercenary conference with the locksmith. An especially amorous wife would even resort to obtaining such a duplicate herself from the locksmith for a certain amount of legal tender or other considerations.

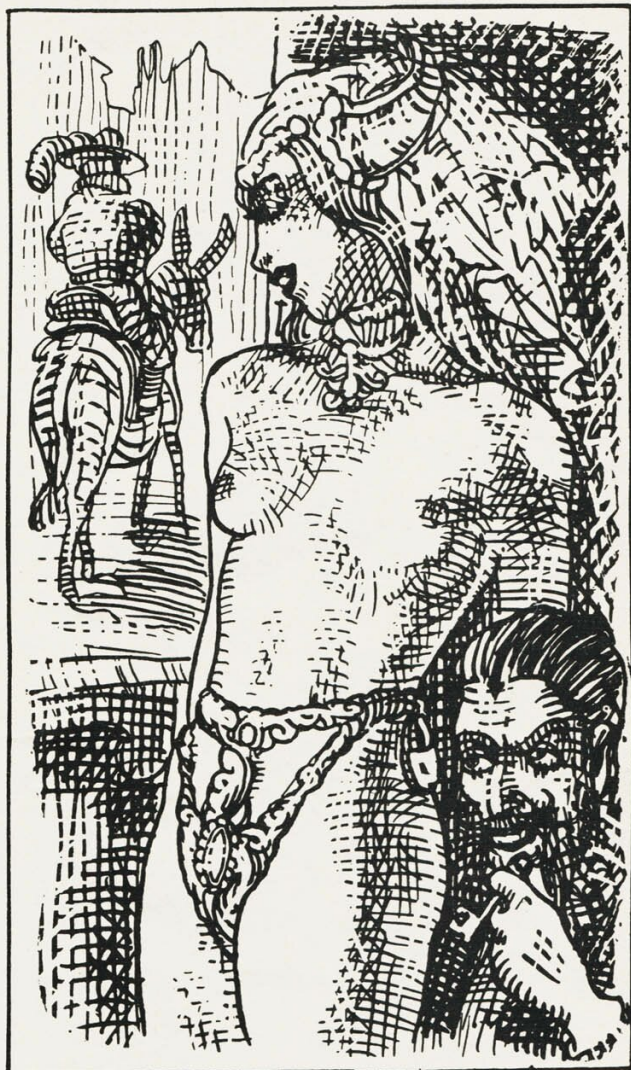
Nicolas Chorier details a wife's introduction to the chastity belt in 16th century Italy:

"Ottavia. I heard my mother saying something or other to Giulia a few days ago about a girdle of chastity but I do not know how this girdle can make women chaste."

"Tulia. Thou wilt learn. Next day, when Giulia was getting up, Giocondo drew nigh. Once the witnesses were out of sight, he displayed the famous belt. She on laughing:—"What is the meaning of this thing thou hast there, whereon I see shining gold?" she inquired.

"Thou wilt please put on this girdle of chastity, this very instant' he replied, 'in order to preserve thee from the maternal blemish. My mistress, Sempronia, wore it several years before thee; it is now thy turn to clasp it on.'

"The gold portcullis was suspended by four little iron chains overlaid with velvetings and riveted with similar art into a belt of metal to match. Two of the chains on one side and two on the other held up the girdle by being passed through it behind and before.



"The girdle was fastened behind above the hips by means of a lock adapted to a very small key. The portcullis, being about six inches high by three in width, thus ran from the perineum to the edge of the outer lips; it covered the whole space which extends between the two thighs and the bottom of the uterus.

"As it is formed of three open bars, the urine finds an outlet, whilst it refuses an entrance even to the tops of one's fingers. Thus that part is protected as it were by a cuirass against foreign mentules; only he to whom the law of Hymen allotted has an easy access to it whenever he chooses.







"Certainly not," she replied. Thereupon, he bid her rise naked, get out of bed and walk about. She rose as she had been ordered, jumped out of bed and advanced a few steps; she said she couldn't walk so readily as before, being obliged to spread out her legs owing to the huge size of the portcullis.—"Never mind," he said, "thou wilt be accustomed to it; I do not wonder at thy not feeling at ease, this being new to thee." "

Rabelais puts into the mouth of Panurge the following words: "The deuce, he that has no white in his eye, take me then with him, if I don't buckle my wife in the Bergamask fashion, when I go out from my seraglio!"

This expression would lead one to believe that the Bergamasks used these kinds of fence more commonly than other Italians. In France, the custom seems to have been introduced during the reign of Henry II.

"Ottavia. What must the bride have said to herself?"

"Tullia. What thou thyself wilt say in a few days, because they are also preparing a similar kind of apparatus for thee."

"Ottavia. I was not aware of what Caviceo was up to when he said, concerning the girdle of chastity, that it was the surest defense of honest women's virtue and when he asked me whether I would be willing to put on one as my mother would advise me."

"Tullia. "What must I do?" asked Giulia, whilst her husband was throwing aside the bedclothes—"put" he said, "one foot into these two chains and the other into those." Both feet being in, he pulled up the girdle, placed the portcullis before the slit, bound the pit of her stomach, a little above the hips, with the girdle and locked it. "Now," said he, "thy pudency is secured; but wilt thou think hard of wearing it?" "







"In the time of King Henry," says Brantome, "there was a certain pedlar that brought to the fair of Saint-Germain a dozen of certain tools for bridling women's affairs. They were made of iron and went around the waist like a girdle and branched down to be caught at the bottom and locked. They were framed with so much art, that it was not possible for the woman, once she was bridled with one, ever to be able to avail herself of it for sweet pleasure, having but a few holes to serve for making her water.

"They say there were some five or six peevish jealous husbands, who bought some of them and bridled their wives with them in so safe a way that they might well say: Farewell merry time! And so there was one of these women who took it into her head to keep company with a locksmith, who was very subtle in his art, and to whom she showed the said apparatus and her own and everything.

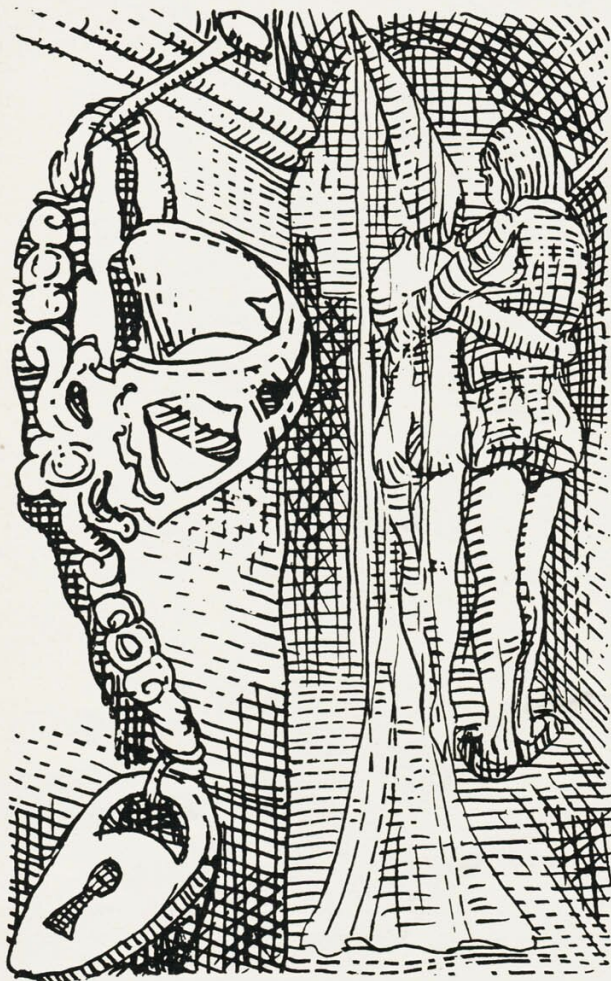
"The husband being gone out to the fields, the locksmith bent his mind so closely to the affair, that he forged a false key for it; the lady had the pleasure of fastening and opening it at all hours and when she wished. The husband never found anything amiss with it; so she took her fill of this fine pleasure, in spite of the jealous foppish, cuckold husband, who fancied himself secure from cockoldom.

"But the roguish locksmith, who made the false key, spoiled all on him, and, according to what they say, did still better; he was the first to enjoy her and thus made a cuckold of him."

The introduction and use of chastity belts in France can be traced much further back than the reign of Henry II if the writings of certain obscure 15th century writers are considered. Guillaume de Machault, for instance, speaking of one of his mistresses, says:







Then the fair lady hugged me . . .  
 So she reached a little key  
 Of gold, made by a master-hand,  
 And said: "This key carry,  
 Friend, and keep it safe,  
 For it is the key to my treasure.  
 I make you lord of it henceforth,  
 And above all you shall be master of it,  
 And therefore I love it more than my right eye:  
 For it is my honor, it is my wealth,  
 It is what I can be generous with . . ."

Agnes of Navarre wrote to Guillaume de Machault:  
 "Please do not lose the key of the box I have, for if it  
 were lost, I think I should never have perfect joy. For, by  
 God! it shall never be unlocked by any other key but  
 the one you have and it shall be so when you please."

Guillaume replied: ". . . As to the key I carry of the  
 very rich and gracious treasure which is in the box, in  
 which all joy, all grace, all sweetness are, doubt not that  
 it shall be kept very well. And I shall bring it to you as  
 soon as I can, in order to behold the graces, the glories  
 and the riches of that loving treasure."







It bears the title of *Du coqu qui porte la clef et sa femme la serrure* and represents a naked woman seated on a bed. She has a girdle about her body with a padlock, the key of which she is handing to the Bearnese. Behind the bed curtains, the chambermaid presents a second key to a gentleman who pulls out his purse to pay for the key.

The crusaders were in the habit of applying chastity belts to their wives before leaving to fight the Turks. The key to the belt was generally entrusted to an old trusted servant, someone who would not have any use for it. Some of the knights, with visions of oriental beauties in their minds, even gave orders to have the keys thrown away. Still others authorized the keepers of their keys to exchange them during their absence, in the hope of finding more delectable substitutes upon their return.

Most such crusaders returned to find their wives and mistresses apparently suffering from no ill-effects, much to their surprise, and even many of the old, trusted friends in considerably improved financial condition which they were ill-disposed to explain. The town's locksmiths, likewise, had obviously attained not only a prominent financial state but a degree of respectability not hitherto enjoyed.

From the close of the 16th century to the middle of the 18th, indications about girdles of chastity, though not very numerous, give all the same the understanding that Brantomme's peddler did not destroy all of his belts.

Niel, in his *Portraits du XVIe siecle*, names a satirical picture from which we may conclude that Henry IV was suspected of taking this kind of precaution with one of his mistresses.





Meanwhile the secretary had gone into the Babies' Chapel and, by dint of shouting, had aroused the two harlots from a heavy sleep.

They quickly put on their garments, and came to kneel before the Governor, who asked them:

"What did you see during the night? Tell me the whole truth."

Since they had agreed to the mission, the two women rendered a plain account of the events of that night, showing the pills which the bonzes had given them, and also their boxes of vermilion and black.

The bonzes, seeing that their schemes were brought to light, felt their lives turn and their hearts put out of working. They groaned in their secret despair, while the fourteen culprits beat the earth with their brows, and begged for mercy.

"Miserable wretches, you dare to preach divine intervention, so that you may deceive the foolish and outrage the virtuous! What have you to say?"

But the cunning Superior already had his plan. He ordered all the bonzes to kneel, and said:

"These unhappy ones whom you have convicted are without excuse. But they are the only ones who dared to act so. All my other bonzes are pure. You have been able to discover the shame of the guilty, which I in my ignorance, could not, and there is nothing for it but to put them to death."

The Governor smiled:

"Then it is only the cells which these two women occupied that have secret passages?"

"There are only those two cells," answered the unblushing Superior.

"We shall question all the other women, and then see."

The female visitors, who had already been awakened by the noise, came in turns to give their evidence. They were all in agreement: no bonze had come to trouble them. But the Governor knew that shame would prevent them from speaking, and therefore had them searched. In the pocket of each was found a little packet of pills. He asked whence these came; but the women, purple in the face and scarlet in the neck, answered no word.

While this examination was taking place, the husbands of the penitents came up and took a part in it. And their anger made them tremble like the hemplant or leaves of a tree. When the Governor, who did not wish to push his questioning too far, had allowed the visitors to depart, their husbands swallowed their shame and indignation, and led them away.

The Superior had not yet given up the fight. He asserted that the pills had been given to the women as they entered the temple. But the two harlots again affirmed that they at least had received them during the visit of the bonzes.

"The matter is quite clear," the Governor cried at length. "Put all these adulterers in chains!"

The bonzes had some thought of resisting; but they had no weapons and were outnumbered. The only ones left free were an old man who kindled the incense, and the two little novices still in childhood.

The gate of the temple was closed and guarded. On his return to the yamen, the Governor took his seat in the Hall of Justice, and had his prisoners questioned in the usual ways. Fear of pain loosened their tongues, and they were condemned to death. They were cast into prison to wait the ratification of their sentence.

As the Governor of the prison went his rounds to inspect their bonds, the Superior whispered to him:

"We have brought nothing, neither clothes, nor blankets, nor food. If you will allow me to return for a moment to the temple with three or four of my bonzes, I will willingly give you a hundred ounces of silver."

The prison governor knew the wealth of the temple. He smiled:

"My price is a hundred ounces for myself, and two hundred for my men."

The Superior made a grimace, but was compelled to promise this larger sum. The warders consulted with each other, and finally, when night came, led the Superior and three of his bonzes back to the temple. From a secret place among their cells the bonzes took the promised three hundred ounces, and gave them at once to the warders. While these were weighing them and sharing them among themselves, they collected the rest of their treasure, and secretly laid hold of weapons, short swords and hatchets, which they rolled up in their blankets. Also they brought away wine. Thus heavily laden, warders and bonzes alike returned to the prison, and held a feast. The bonzes succeeded in making their warders drunk. In the middle of the night they drew forth their weapons and, having first set each other free, proceeded to force the gates. They might perhaps have escaped altogether; but in their rancour against the Governor they went first to attack the yamen. The troops of police were numerous and well armed, and the bonzes were quickly overcome. The Superior gave his men orders to return as quickly as possible to the prison, to lay down their arms and to say that only a few of them had revolted, since this might save the others. But the warders attacked them so hotly that they were all put back in chains.

Their crime was grave, and doubly aggravated by rebellion. Next day, when the sun had well risen, the Governor gave his judgment. All the hundred and twelve bonzes were led straight to the market-place and beheaded. Groups of men provided with torches went to set fire to the temple, and it was soon a smoking ruin. Joy flowered upon the faces of all the men of that town. But it is said that many of the women wept in secret.

*Adapted from Hsing shih heng yen (1627),  
39th Tale.*



I'm a gynecologist, and there is something that has always intrigued me . . .



# You Too Can Make a Survey



The survey is in its heyday! Time was when the door bell buzzed it'd probably be the rent collector, a brush salesman or that blonde you promised to get into the movies. Them days is gone forever. Ten to one it's some goof making a survey.

Dr. Kinsey didn't invent the survey, but he sure as hell popularized it. When his boys came around making a surgery, Hey Hey! The answers they got off men put many a husband in the dog house, and the ones they got of women made wolves a lot more hopeful.

But the doc dealt in generalities. Try to pin a pip down on his statistics and you get static. "The females who answered those questions were from the South Sea islands or had just been fired from a taxi dance hall for over-time dates," the gals will tell you.

The solution is to make your own survey. A dime-store student's note book and a pencil stub swiped from your local unemployment bureau is

all the equipment you need, but it will help if you grow a goatee. You'll be surprised at the effect the chin spinach and thick horn-rimmed glasses will have on a neglected young housewife or the lonely occupant of a hotel for girls.

Of course you've got to decide first what you want to know before you start asking questions. But that shouldn't be hard. You know what you want to know as well as we do.

In approaching women in their homes or apartments early in the morning you'll probably find that they are often not properly dressed to receive visitors. We advise getting out on your working route early in the morning.

Many of the most promising young researchers in our school deliberately choose the foreign residential districts. These ambitious young men report enthusiastically that the inability to speak each other's language is no bar to exchange of information.

One inquisitive wol — er, that is, student, interviewed a friendly Polynesian girl who couldn't speak a word of English. He couldn't speak a word of Polynesian. First he took his mittens off, thinking of the deaf-and-dumb language, then it occurred to him that she probably didn't understand the language. He also remembered that even if she did, he didn't.

But he kept his mittens off.

It was a cold morning, and our hero's hands needed warming. She seemed to understand that and in two minutes they had reached a definite understanding.

If you're the kind who'd ask himself what to do with the information after it's down on the page, you're not our kind of researcher. If you handle yourself right there'll be no time to write anything. The boys have been asking gals these questions for centuries. The difference is that since Kinsey it's legal.





# 21 MONOLOGS.....



Sizzling Cynthia says she was so overjoyed when her holdout boyfriend proposed the other night that she fell over backwards.

☆

But she nearly called off the wedding because while she was rehearsing the wedding with a church usher her fiance tried to rehearse the honeymoon with the maid of honor.

☆

Nudist Nel'v says it isn't only the sunshine that gives her those rosy cheeks. She also rides horseback.

☆

Phil's grandfather didn't think much of the good old days. The old boy says that in those days a fella didn't know how his bride would turn out until they turned in.

☆

Our local welfare department has a client who's had eight babies in the past ten years. The lady says proudly that the stork gave her two years off for good behavior.

☆

Philandering Phil had another ruckus with his missus the other night. He brought home a bedwarmer to combat a cold spell but the old lady threw her out. Phil called it double jeopardy . . . it was the old lady who was putting the chill on him.

☆

Touring Tessie remembers that her mother was always overly-protective . . . kept her in short dresses and hair-ribbons until her late teens. But Tess says she grew up fast anyhow . . . from pigtails to cocktails in one easy evening.

fondly back on her innocent years — all fifteen of them.

☆

Pasty's holding her boss off until he comes thru with a swank apartment. Says she'll be damned if she'll live a double life in a single room.

☆

Broadway Red wanted to know why a guy should have to go and get an okay from a justice of the peace when he already has the gal's.

☆

The way Red sees it, marriage is final proof that man is made from dust . . . once a guy's hooked his name is mud.

☆

Red added that he thought marriages should only be for mothers and fathers . . . and as far as he knows, he's neither.

☆

Naive Nora says let's all shed a tear for the childless ninety-year-old who recently married to get an heir. The old boy simply wasn't heir-conditioned.

☆

He had a twin brother who married a nineteen-year-old girl the same day, no fooling. Well, hardly any.

☆

Burlesk Betty's boss persuaded her to dance in nothing but a coat of brown paint just as a novelty. He didn't tell her the novelty would wear off before her act was over.

When Packy Phunn got pulled into court by a little gal for breach of promise, the judge appointed three lawyers to defend him. They were named Atcheson, Topeka and Santa Fe. Packy had a suspicion that he was being railroaded.

☆

Zippy was asked if he ever tried his hand at dramatics and he said sure. He once played Juliet back stage . . . then her husband came in. He added it was one of the longest runs on Broadway.

☆

Thinking of her first date, Starry-eyed Celia remembers that it was a second-hand car . . . but she recalls that she sure got a lot of first-hand information.

☆

Philandering Phil reports that the young couple next door to him had quite a commotion with their first baby. Seems like the doctor told the little mother to boil the equipment used in feeding . . . he found out too late that the brat wasn't bottle-fed.

☆

Nick's gone in for photography. The other day he was posing a glamorous young housewife baby-fashion on a white bear rug when her husband busted in. The old man said he was damned if his wife was going to pose nude for any photographer. But Nick smoothed it over. He explained there wasn't any film in the camera.

☆

Nick says that women are all right in their place. His trouble is in convincing them that his penthouse apartment is the place.

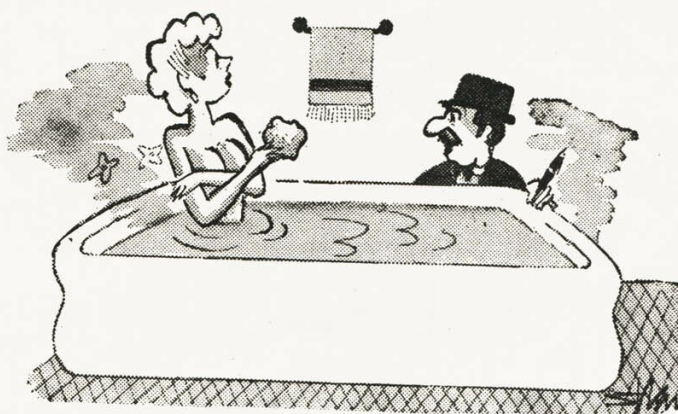
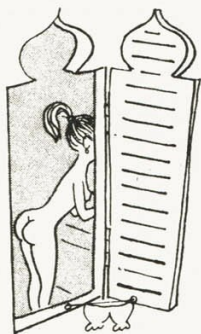


# Cartoons For Adults Only

A digest of the best in  
adult cartoons selected  
from recent publications.



Hats off for the flag!"



"You the lady who wanted to  
hire a private detective?"





"Zippy, it's nice of you to invite me to your apartment to watch TV — where is it?"



"Isn't he supposed to pull the other way?"





"It isn't working, Nick, but a ten-spot might do the trick!"



"That's okay — I'm a bachelor!"





"We've still got time—she'll have to file formal charges!"



FILCHOCK

"Down, boy! DOWN!"



"I wonder if your left hand knows what your right hand is doing?"



"Are they really life-like? You even have to wait nine months for delivery!"





"The room, you ape — the ROOM!"





"No interruptions today, Hugo . . . I've got a load  
of work staring me in the face."



'And where is your house?' asked the Cadi eagerly.

'In such-and-such a place,' she answered. 'I will expect you there this evening.'

The young woman then hastened to the Vizier's house. She handed him her petition and implored him to release the youth from prison. Captivated by her beauty, the Vizier promised to do as she desired and pressed her to accompany him to his sleeping chamber. But the young woman put off his advances with winning grace, saying: 'I shall be delighted to receive you at my own house this evening.'

'And where is your house?' asked the Vizier.

'In such-and-such a place,' she replied.

Then she made her way to the royal palace and sought an audience with the King. She kissed the ground before him and begged him on her knees to order the youth's release. But as soon as his eyes fell upon the young woman, the King was seized with a passionate desire to lie with her.

'I will at once send for the Governor and order him to free your brother,' he said. 'Meanwhile, wait for me in my private chamber.'

'Your majesty,' she answered, 'a helpless woman cannot but obey the command of a mighty king. If this be indeed your majesty's wish, I shall regard it as a mark of high favour; but if the King will graciously consent to vouchsafe me a visit at my own house this evening, he will do me an even greater honour.'

'It shall be as you wish,' replied the King.

After directing him to her house, the young woman left the royal presence, and went to look for a carpenter's shop. When she had found one she said to the carpenter: 'Make me a large cupboard with four compartments, one above the other. To each compartment let there be a separate door fitted with a stout lock, and have it delivered at my house, at such-and-such a place, early this evening. What will be your charge?'

'Four dinars,' answered the carpenter. 'But if you will consent, sweet lady, to step into the backroom of my shop, I will ask no payment at all.'

'In that case,' said the young woman, 'you will be welcome at my own house this evening. . . . But I have just remembered that I require five compartments in that cupboard and not four.'

'I hear and obey,' replied the carpenter, beaming with joy.

He set to work at once whilst the young woman waited in his shop. In a few hours a large cupboard with five compartments was completed, and his fair customer hired a porter and had it carried to her house, where she stood it in the reception hall.

She next took four strangely fashioned garments to a dyer, and after having them each dyed a different colour, returned home and made ready for the evening. She pre-

pared meat and drink, arranged fruit and flowers, and burned incense in the braziers. At sunset she arrayed herself in splendid robes, putting on her richest jewels and sweetest perfumes, and sat waiting for her distinguished guests.

The first to arrive was the Cadi. She bowed low before him and, taking him by the hand, led him to a couch. No sooner had they seated themselves than the Cadi began to dally with her, and it was not long before he was roused to a frenzy of passion. But when he was about to throw himself upon her, the young woman said: 'First take off your clothes and turban. You will be more comfortable in this light robe and bonnet.'

Burning with desire, the Cadi promptly cast aside his clothes, and had scarcely put on the curious yellow robe and bonnet which his hostess handed him, when there was heard a knocking at the door.

'Who may that be?' asked the Cadi, wincing with impatience.

'By Allah, that must be my husband!' she exclaimed in great agitation.

'What is to be done? Where shall I go?' cried the Cadi.

'Have no fear,' she replied. 'I will hide you in this cupboard.'

The young woman took the Cadi by the hand, and, pushing him into the lowest compartment of the cupboard, locked the door upon him. Then she went to open for her next visitor.

This proved to be the Governor. The young woman kissed the ground before him and said: 'Pray regard this dwelling as your own. The night is still young; take off your robes and put on this night-shirt.'

Delighted at the suggestion, the Governor quickly stripped himself of his heavy robes and slipped on an ill-cut garment of red cloth, while his hostess swathed his head in an old rag of many colours.

'First,' said the young woman, as the Governor made ready to begin the amorous sport, 'you must write me and order for my brother's release.'

The Governor instantly wrote out the order, and, setting his seal upon it, handed it to her. Then they dallied with each other, but as he was on the point of mounting her, there came a knocking at the door.

'That must be my husband!' exclaimed the young woman in terror.

'What is to be done?' cried the Governor, greatly perturbed.

'Climb up into that cupboard and stay there until I get rid of him,' said the young woman, as she bundled him into the second compartment and locked the door upon him. Then she went to open for her third visitor.

This was the Vizier. She kissed the ground before him and gave him a courteous welcome. 'Sir,' she said, 'you do me great honour by stepping into this humble house.' Then she begged him to take off his clothes and turban saying: 'Pray put on this light shirt and bonnet. They are better fitted for a night of revelry and merry-making.'



When the Vizier had put off his ministerial vestments, his hostess helped him into a blue shirt and a long, red night-cap. But just as he was about to enjoy her, the King arrived. And the young woman made the worthy Vizier climb up into the third compartment of the cupboard, and locked the door upon him.

When the King entered the young woman kissed the ground before him, saying: 'Your slave lacks words to thank your majesty for this honour.'

Having invited him to sit down, she soon prevailed upon him to take off his costly robes and to put on a tattered old shirt scarcely worth ten dirhams. When the King was on the point of achieving his desire, however, a violent knocking at the door sent him scampering into the fourth compartment of the cupboard. Then she went to open for the carpenter.

'Pray, what kind of cupboard is this you have made me?' snapped the young woman at the carpenter as he stepped into the reception hall. 'Why, the top compartment is so small that it is quite useless.'

'It is a very large compartment,' protested the fat carpenter. 'It could hold me and three others of my size.'

'Try then,' she said. And when the carpenter had climbed up into the fifth compartment of the cupboard, the door was locked upon him.

The young woman took the Governor's order to the superintendent of the prison, and rejoiced to see her lover free at last. She told him all that had happened, adding: 'We must now leave this city and go to live in a distant land.' Then they hurried back to the house, packed up all their valuables, and set out for another kingdom.

Not daring to utter a sound, the five men stayed in the cupboard without food or drink for three days; and for three days they resolutely held their water. The carpenter, however, was the first to give in; and his piss fell on the King below him. Then the King pissed on the Vizier; and the Vizier pissed on the Governor; and the Governor pissed on the Cadi.

'Filth! Filth!' shouted the Cadi. 'Has not our punishment been cruel enough? We must be made to suffer in this vile fashion also?'

The Governor and the Vizier were the next to speak, and the three recognized each other's voice.

'Allah's curse be upon this woman!' exclaimed the Vizier. 'She has locked all the senior officers of the kingdom in this cupboard. Thank Allah the King has been spared!'

'Hold your tongue!' muttered the King. 'I am here too. And if I am not mistaken, I must have been the first to fall into the snares of this impudent whore.'

'And to think that I made her this cupboard with my own hands!' groaned the carpenter from the top compartment.

It was not long, however, before the neighbours, who had noticed that the house was deserted, began to sus-

pect foul play. They all crowded around the door debating what action they should take.

'Let us break down the door,' urged one, 'and find out if there is anyone at home.'

'We must investigate the matter,' said another, 'lest the Governor or the King himself should learn of it and have us thrown into prison for failing to do our duty.'

The neighbours forced open the door, and on entering the hall what should they find but a large wooden cupboard echoing with the groans of famished men!

'There must be a jinnee in this cupboard!' exclaimed one of the neighbours.

'Let us set fire to it!' cried another.

'Good people,' howled the Cadi from within, 'in Allah's name do not burn us alive!'

But they gave no heed to his cries, and said to each other: 'The jinn have been known to assume human shape and speak with men's voices.'

Seeing that they were still in doubt, the Cadi intoned aloud some verses from the Koran and entreated them to draw closer. They came near, and in a few words he related to them all that had happened. The neighbours promptly called in a carpenter, who forced the locks, and delivered from the cupboard five men rigged out in fancy costume.

The luckless lovers burst out laughing when they saw each other, and, putting on their clothes, departed, each to his own house.

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